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THE WAR IN CRETE: SUDA VIEWS, AND TURKISH IRONCLAD BOMBARDING CRETANS OCCUPYING A FORT IN SUDA BAY.

From Sketch and Photographs sent Home by a "P.I.P." Correspondent: See Special Letter, Next Page.

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To Correspondents.

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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, Henry James Taylor, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London.

THE CRETAN TROUBLE.

THE unfortunate continuance of the internecine warfare in and around Suda having recalled public attention to the disturbed island which the Great Powers of Europe have (at present in vain, alas!) offered to free from the iniquitous rule of the Turk, the numberless readers of the *P.I.P.* will be interested in the Sketches from the scene of hostilities we are privileged to print in our present Number. The most sanguinary fighting has recently taken place near

The Village of Suda,

which is situated near Canea; and the nature of these deplorable and unnecessary engagements (unnecessary, because the Cretans have been assured of self-government, free from the oppression of the Turks) is clearly shown in the facsimile of Mr. Melton Prior's vivid Sketch, reproduced on one of our centre pages.

The events which led up to the latest lamentable conflicts will be found clearly set forth in the letter we have been favoured with by

A "P.I.P." Correspondent in Crete,

descriptive of the views and action depicted on the preceding page.

Public attention being at present directed towards Crete, I thought the accompanying photographs (writes our Correspondent) might be of interest to your readers. They were taken while walking from Suda Bay to Khania by the Suda Road. The latter at present is being patrolled by the Blnejackets of the Powers represented at Suda Bay, communication between the two places being thus maintained. No. 1 is a view of the gates of the

Turkish Dockyard at Suda Bay.

This dockyard is not an extensive one, consisting in all of about half-a-dozen sheds, and appearing quite deserted. A few decaying ropes and blocks and old diving-dresses in one shed and about one hundred tons of coal in another appear to comprise the resources of the establishment.

No. 2 is a Ruined House

some distance along the road from the village of Suda, at present used by the Turks as a blockhouse. It will be seen that the doorways and window spaces are well barricaded. Such ruins may be seen the whole way along the road.

The country around here is at present fairly quiet, the only event of note being an

Attack by "Insurgents" on a Fort

occupied by Turks at the mouth of the Bay. I enclose a Sketch of the place as seen from a battle-ship up the Bay. The "insurgents" descended the hill shown on the right of the Sketch and attacked the fort on the point, taking up a position among some ruined houses above the fort. The only

Turkish War-Ship

here in commission steamed down the harbour and shelled the position of the "insurgents," succeeding eventually in dislodging them. She was the *Mukadim-i-Khein*, a central battery-ship carrying four 12-ton muzzle-loading Armstrong guns, one 12-in. Krupp, four Maxims, and four light guns. This same ship on the 28th of Feb. shelled the position of the "insurgents" farther up the harbour.

On the 11th of March

three doctors—English, French, and Russian—paid a visit to the "insurgent" position, and operated on a badly wounded "insurgent," giving medical treatment to others wounded.

Rear-Admiral Harris on the Shelling of Malaxa.

It is to be regretted that the British Admiral has not had sufficient consideration shown him in some quarters. It has manifestly been the humane aim of Rear-Admiral Harris, in co-operation with the Allied Admirals of the Great Powers, to stop the needless bloodshed in Crete. Lord Salisbury's deputy in the House of Commons, Mr. Curzon, explained this last Monday—

On the 23rd of March the Admiral telegraphed that the Turkish force in the guardhouse near Malaxa, about 1½ mile from anchorage, was starving, and that the Cretan "insurgents" refused permission for supplies of food and forage to pass. Three Turks had been killed in sight of the ship while attempting to victual house. An ultimatum had accordingly been sent by the Admirals to the "insurgent" chief stating that food must be allowed in or that force would be used to attain that object. On the 25th he telegraphed that the "insurgents" in large numbers were preventing the revictualling of the blockhouse in spite of the notice of the Admirals to desist. The Turkish men-of-war were firing to dislodge them, but if the purpose was not effected the international ships would have to fire. The Admirals had unanimously decided that this step was necessary for the preservation of the blockhouse which commanded Suda Arsenal. On the same day he telegraphed that the

Blockhouse had been Captured by the "Insurgents."

The Admirals had unanimously decided that it was necessary to open fire and drive "insurgents" from the position which they had captured in opposition to the written protest. Fire was opened by signal from the Italian Admiral, and lasted for six minutes. On fire ceasing the "insurgents" had apparently looted the blockhouse and then burned it. On the 26th the Admiral telegraphed that the evacuation of the blockhouse by the Turks on the day before had been due to two

Greek Cannon, Served by Greek Troops,

being brought into operation against it out of sight of the ships. The water supply had also been destroyed, and the capture of the blockhouse was in direct disobedience to Admiral's warning sent to "insurgents" through British Consul two days previously. Further, as the position now taken up by insurgents commanded the Arsenal and road to Suda, Admirals had decided to prevent further encroachment by the fire of the ships. On the 27th the Admiral telegraphed that owing to the repeated attacks of the "insurgents" who now had their cannon on outposts commanding Canea, the Admirals had decided that it would be necessary to treat "insurgents" as enemies. (Cries from the Irish benches of "Oh!" and "Shame!" in which Mr. MacNeill joined.) The hon. gentleman will allow me to read my answer without those most unseemly interruptions.—[Ministerial cheers]—and to demand more troops from their respective Governments before long, in order to afford efficient protection to town under their charge. The further advance of "insurgents" must be stopped, great alarm being felt in the town, where famine and disease were already threatening the refugees. On the same day he telegraphed that

Colonel Vassos

was reported to have received the Admiral's warning and to have replied by ordering the rapture of the blockhouse. Three guns had been brought against it on the southern side. On the 28th the Admiral telegraphed that the "insurgents" were following up their success against the blockhouse by developing an attack upon a strong earthwork fort held by Turks at the back of Suda Point, and that the general situation upon the island was that Colonel Vassos had declared open war against the Great Powers.

[This important statement by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs adds, it will be seen, to the value of our Drawing of the action near the mouth of Suda Bay.]

The British Admiral Shot At.

Reuter's Canea agent informed us that the Cretans on the heights at the mouth of Suda Bay, shown in our Illustration, fired at Rear-Admiral Harris, who was on shore shooting at Akrotiri opposite the islet in the bay, in the belief that the party of sailors who were accompanying the Admiral were firing at some of the Cretan Christians. No one was hurt, we rejoice to hear.

After the capture of Malaxa, the insurgents massed on the heights overlooking Suda Bay, with the intention of occupying the fort at Izzedin, which they began to attack on Sunday morning. The Italian ironclads lying in Suda Bay fired to support the guns of the Turkish garrison.

Canea Water-Supply Secured.

The Canea Special of the *Daily News* cabled last Monday—

To-day a force of the French Infantry of Marine, numbering 105 men, 80 Italian and 50 Russian sharpshooters, with two Italian mountain-guns and one British 8-pounder, with 22 men, marched from Canea with Turkish troops and a large number of Bashi-Bazoulks to Fort Soubachi, which is situated above the spring which supplies Canea with water. The foreposts of the "insurgents" on the hill seeing Turkish troops advancing at the head of the column fired a few stray shots. These may, however, have been signals.

This joint occupation of the fort with the Turkish troops will tend to make the Cretans associate the Powers with their arch-enemy the Turk.

The first really wise move of the Admirals is the sending of the Russian Consul, M. Demeric, who understands the Cretans somewhat, to consult with the insurgents.

I must again repeat that the Turkish troops should be sent away from Crete to show the Cretans that the new régime has really begun. No more unprovoked firing should be indulged in by the Admirals. In order to carry out the idea of autonomy the Powers must either conciliate or subjugate Crete.

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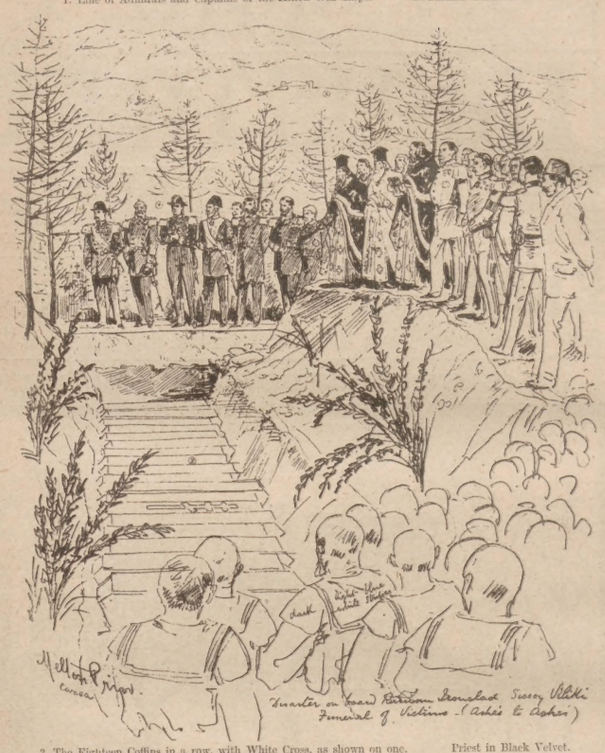
1. Line of Admirals and Captains of the Allied War-Ships. 2. Turkish Blockhouse.



3. The Eighteen Coffins in a row, with White Cross, as shown on one. Priest in Black Velvet.

BURIAL OF THE RUSSIAN SAILORS KILLED BY THE EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE "SISSOY VILIKI": INTERNATIONAL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

From a Drawing by Mr. Melton Prior, Special War Artist of the "Illustrated London News."

The Impressive Funeral at Canea of the Russian sailors unhappily killed by the gun-explosion on board the Russian Ironclad *Sissoy Vilikis* was sketched by Mr. Melton Prior; and we are sure our readers will value the accompanying facsimile of this experienced War Artist's Drawing, with his own explanations intact. It will be seen that the Allied Admirals and Captains joined the Russian Priests in paying the last tribute to the gallant Russian seamen who lost their lives in manfully performing their duty.

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Talk of London.

—:o:—

DESIRABLE CHANGES IN THE ROYAL ROUTE.

IN suggesting last week the obvious desirability of letting the Royal Procession on June 22 pass along the south instead of the north of Trafalgar Square to the Strand, I was quite in accord with the majority of the householders living in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Many would be the signal advantages of this and of other changes of the route on both sides of the Thames—notably, the proposed alterations to include Newington Causeway and the London Road in the South London line of procession viâ St. George's Circus and Westminster Bridge Road to the Houses of Parliament. Justly renowned for his shrewd common-sense, the Prince of Wales will surely give these suggestions his best consideration on his return to town.

"Who's Who" for 1897,

as judiciously rearranged and amplified under the editorship of Mr. Douglas Sladen, B.A., LL.D., is not only a handy directory to the Royal Family and Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of the United Kingdom, it is also in its new form a wonderfully comprehensive biography of men and women of mark in various walks of life; their achievements being succinctly set forth, and even their pastimes specified. Thus, it is stated that Mr. Balfour is Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and President of the National Cyclists' Union. Lord Mayor Faudel-Phillips goes in for shooting, cycling, riding, and driving as relaxations from his arduous duties at the Mansion House. Miss Ellen Terry (diligently rehearsing "Madame Sans-Gêne" with Napoleon Irving) seeks solace when she can in reading, driving, and yachting. Sir Edward Lawson, chief proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, owns to a partiality for golf, shooting, riding, fishing—to which might surely be added play-going, for he is a constant first-nighter, and has by devoting so much space in his great paper to dramatic reviews done a great deal to popularise the theatre during the Queen's reign. "Who's Who," in fine, is a credit alike to the indefatigable Mr. Sladen, to the Edinburgh printers, and to the enterprising publishers, MM. A. and C. Black, of Soho Square, W.

"The Physician."

The well-won popularity of Mr. Charles Wyndham will make everyone rush to the Criterion to see this most versatile of comedians in the earnest part of Dr. Lewin Carey, the most potent attraction of Mr. H. A. Jones's new play, "The Physician." What a change from the volatile general lover in "Brighton"! But still, there's a resemblance between the latter gay embodiment of inconstancy and the grave, despondent, middle-aged Doctor. Each thinks the last woman he succumbs to the "only woman I ever loved." Jilted by the fickle and fashionable Lady Valerie, poor

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

Dr. Carey blames his lost youth, and is so broken-hearted that he gives up his lucrative practice in Cavendish Square to undertake the reform of a drunken temperance lecturer at the request of a Vicar's idyllic young daughter, with whom Carey incontinently falls in love, and whose affection he wins when her scapegrace sweetheart dies. Simple as this plot is, the drawing-room drama is very engrossing from first to last. It is well acted by Mr. Wyndham, Miss Marion Terry, Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Alfred Bishop (who gives a charming impersonation of the white-haired Vicar), Mr. T. B. Thalberg, Mr. Leslie Kenyon, and Mr. J. G. Taylor. "The Physician" is also mounted with exceptional magnificence.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM'S LATEST SUCCESS AT THE CRITERION.

MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S, MAGNIFICENTLY PRODUCED BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

"The Princess and the Butterfly."

Mounted and costumed by Mr. George Alexander with as much beauty and splendour as "As You Like It," Mr. A. W. Pinero's radiant new five-act comedy of the period, "The Princess and the Butterfly; or, The Fantastics," enchained a fashionable audience until close on midnight last Monday. It is a desultory marionette show of Society life, and the many characters who strutted on the St. James's stage reminded me somehow of Hewett's cleverly manipulated dolls at the Palace Theatre. Not as regards the acting, which was charming enough, but with respect to the author's arbitrary pulling of the strings. Is it not rather contemptible, this moaning about middle age by Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero? Lusty vigour being the rule with healthily constituted men far beyond the age represented on the stage by Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Alexander, the characters they represent strike one as unreal, maudlin, unmanly. The same with the supposititiously middle-aged Princess in the St. James's comedy (charmingly attractive in the hands of Miss Julia Neilson): Sir George Lamorant, if he had any humour, would have reminded her of Prince Adonis's predilection for "Fair, Fat, and Forty," and so have cured her of her despondency. For all this unnaturalness, for all Mr. Pinero's capriciousness of treatment, "The Princess and the Butterfly" will doubtless draw every theatre-going woman in London to the St. James's, so extremely beautiful are the scenes, and so brilliant the gay costumes of the many ladies who surround the fair Princess Pannonia. When Mr. Pinero does at last let Love loose in that delightful French orchard in blossoming springtime, and allows prosaic Sir George (Mr. Alexander) to pair with his wayward gipsy ward, Fay Zuliani (Miss Fay Davis), and the Princess to console herself with her rather dry young lover (Mr. H. B. Irving), the long-looked-for touch of nature comes better late than never, and ends this peculiarly fascinating piece well after all. In style, it is diametrically opposed to the closely knit plots of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"; but it is still undeniably interesting and captivating.

MR. A. W. PINERO.

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[ADVT.]

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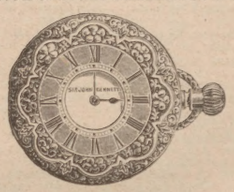

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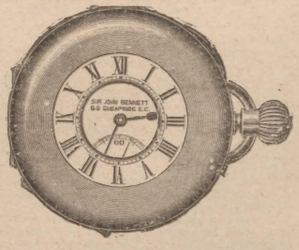

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The Parson's Story.

BY DARLEY DALE,

Author of "The Village Blacksmith," "The Doctor's Story," etc.

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THE Rev. Charles Nimrod was a hunting parson; he was also an excellent hand at telling a good story; his wife said he exaggerated, an accusation he repudiated, but most people who knew him took the proverbial *grano salis* with his anecdotes. The scene of many of his stories was the hunting field, for hunting was his favourite pastime, and the following was his favourite story.

He always managed to turn the conversation to hunting before he told it, and invariably introduced it by remarking that the highest game he ever hunted in his life was a corpse.

"My dear!" Mrs. Nimrod would remark in a tone of combined horror and reproof.

"Well, my dear, and so it was; and I'll tell you the story. I was a bachelor at the time, and I was living in a country place, about fifty miles from London, with capital hunting in the neighbourhood. I was in sole charge of the parish, but there was not much to do, and I hunted regularly three days a week all through the season; and I may as well confess that I never allowed my professional duties to interfere with my hunting.

"Every rule has its exception, and the occasion I speak of proved my rule. The squire of my parish, who was an exceedingly disagreeable old man, whom we all cordially hated, fell ill in London, and subsequently died there, and I am afraid I thought at the time it was the best thing he could do. He left instructions that he was to be brought down to Foxwell and buried there, and to my disgust I was requested to bury him at half-past eleven one Wednesday morning. Wednesday was a hunting day, and the hounds were to meet on that particular morning, about five miles from Foxwell, at twelve o'clock. I was determined to hunt, funeral or no funeral, and I calculated if they were punctual I might just manage to get to the meet before they threw off.

"I sent my second horse on the night before, and I ordered my groom to have the other at the vestry gate at a quarter to twelve sharp; I could bury the poor old squire in a quarter of an hour comfortably, so I apprised his relations that I had a most pressing engagement at a quarter to twelve, and therefore begged them to be punctual. I need hardly say that I was ready, booted, spurred, and in my surplice (an old-fashioned long full one), which hid my top-boots, before the time, fuming and fussing in the vestry.

"Old Morton was in his lifetime a most unpunctual man, so I was hardly surprised to find he was late at his funeral, and at twenty minutes to twelve I informed the clerk that if the funeral did not arrive in five minutes I should conclude something had happened on the line, for the body was to be brought by rail.

"'I can't wait; directly my horse arrives I'm off,' I remarked, but at that very moment the sexton informed us that the hearse was in sight, so I hurried down to the church door, book in hand, to meet it.

"There was a small crowd of villagers in the churchyard, the hearse, with its nodding plumes, arrived at the gate simultaneously with me, and behind it were three closed carriages, containing the mourners, and a string of empty carriages behind them. I beckoned the undertaker to me, and told him to look sharp, for they were a quarter of an hour behind time, and I could see my groom leading my horse round the other way between the fences.

"'Train was late, Sir; there was a delay at the junction,' said the man, as he directed his men to bring in the coffin.

"A couple of mutes stationed themselves at the gate, and six men advanced to the hearse, the undertaker opened the door, and I was about to begin the service when a smothered cry and an exclamation from the man, who just then staggered back from the open hearse, startled us. I looked up, but the sun was in my eyes, and all I saw was the open hearse and the terrified undertaker, whose satellites were whispering in awed and subdued tones.

"'Beg pardon, Sir; sorry I forgot myself, but the hearse is empty.'

"'Good God!' said I, startled into the very words for which the undertaker was apologising to my reverence.

"I went down to the road and looked into the hearse, and sure enough it was perfectly empty. I confess I was so startled that I even forgot the hounds would meet four miles off in a quarter of an hour.

"'Where did you last see the coffin?' I asked.

"'In London, Sir. We put it in there at the house; and the hearse has not been opened since